D'Alvarade pretends to me that he has taken great pains to dissuade Reubel from ordering me out of France. I was last night at the American consul's, Mr. Mountflorence. His name is Cole; but because a Cole in Ireland is Viscount Mount-florence, this man calls himself so. I met Mr. and Mrs. Pinkney there.

January gth, 1797.

You do not write often enough. Consider how precious a letter is to me, a poor solitary hermit de la Rue Honor£. I understand La Croix wished to send me away, and said my powers were in-sufficient ; but the commissioners stepped forward and the matter was cleared up. My commission is to be sent back, with an apology and a request to look upon the thing as *non avenue.*

My conduct in this instance, as in everything else since I came here, is so correct that the more it is pried into the better I shall be satisfied. *I* experience every civility irom the Marine, and am glad to be on a fair and good footing with the persons I have to meet upon business.

I had not been at a public place
since Lord